

And no more to my helpe

And I strength wyll by you stande in distres  
Though thou wold in batayll fyght on grounde  
And though it were thowme the world rounde  
I will not departe forswete n: for soure  
to Dethes houre

fall

Every man aduyle you firste of all  
Go with a good aduysment and lyberacion  
We all gyue you vertuous monytion  
That all shall be well

My frendes harke what I wyll tell  
I praye god rewarde you in this heuenly spere  
Nowe herken all that be here  
For I wyll make my testament  
Here befoze you all present

In almes half my good I wyll gyue w' my hōdes  
In þ way of charite w' gode intent (twayne

And the other halfe shyll shall remayne  
If it be quethe to be retuerued there it ought to be  
This I do in despyte of the fende of heu

To go quyte ow'e of his perell  
Euer after and this daye

Every man herken what I saye  
Go to preesthode I you aduyle

E. f.



That of god hath complayn  
 As hath the lest preeſt in the worlde beyng  
 For of bleſſed ſacramentes pure and benygne  
 He bereth the k... therof hath cure  
 For manes rede... ier ſure  
 Whiche god for ou... eſyne  
 Gaue vs out of his l... rete payn  
 Herein this tranſytoꝝe lyte is he and me  
 The blyſſed ſacramentes. vii. there be  
 Baptyme confirmacion with preeſthode good  
 And þe ſacrament of godes precious fleſſhe & blood  
 Marpage the holy extreme vnccyon and penaunce  
 Theſe. vii. be good to haue in remembraunce  
 Gracious ſacramentes of hye deuynyte  
 I prayne wolde I receyue that holy body  
 And mekely to my goſtely fader I wyl go  
 Every man that is the beſt that ye can do  
 God wyl you to ſaluacion brynge  
 For preeſthode exceedeth all other thyng  
 To vs holy ſcriptue they do teche  
 And conuertryng man fro synne heuen to reche  
 God hath to them moze power g...  
 Than to vny aungell that is in heuen  
 With. v. wordes he may conccrate  
 Goddes body in fleſſhe and blode to take



For remedy may we fynde vnder god  
But alone on preesthode  
Euery man god gaue preest that digny  
Lette them in his stede amonge vs be  
They shoulde aungels in degree  
Preestes be good & so suerly  
At wha Ihesu henge on þ crosse w' grete smart  
There gaue he vs out of his blessyd herte  
The same sacrament in grete tozment  
He helde them not to that lozde omny potent  
Therfore saynt peter the apostyll do say  
That Ihesus curse hath all they  
Whiche god theyr sauyoure do bye o2 sell  
O2 they for ony money do take o2 tell  
Synfull preestes geueth the synners example bad  
Their children sitteth by other mens fyres I haue  
And some haunteth womens company. (herde  
With vnclene lyfe as lustes of lechery  
Therfore with synne made blynde  
I truste to god no such maye we fynde  
Therfore lette vs preesthode honour  
And folowe th' ыр doctryne for ours soules socker  
We be theyr shepe and they shepherdes be  
By whom we all be kepte in suerte  
Passe for yonder I se euery man come

b. w.



And now frendes let vs go without lenger tarrye  
I thanke god that ye haue tarped so longe  
Nowe I reche of you on this rodde his honde  
And shortly folow me  
I go before there I wolde be  
God be our guyde

It. Every man we wyll not fro you go  
Tyll ye haue gone this vyage longe  
con. Every discrecion wyll byde by you also  
bleg. And though this pilgrimage be neuer so stroge  
I wyll neuer parte you fro  
Every man I wyll be as sure by the  
As euer I dyde by Judas machabee  
ma. Alas I am so faynt I may not stonde  
My lymmes vnder me do folde  
Frendes let vs not turne agayne to this londe  
Not for all the worldes golde  
For in to this caue muste I crepe  
atye. And tozne to the erthe and there to slepe  
ma. What in to this graue alas  
atye. Eue thereshall ye consume more and lesse  
ma. And what sholde I smoder her  
Eue by myfay and neuer more appere  
In this worldelyue no more we shall  
But in heuen before the hyest lozde of all



Beaute gothe faste awaye and hye  
She promysed with me to lyue and dye  
Euery man I wyll the also forsake an enye  
game lyketh me not at all  
v than ye wyll forsake me all  
Strength tary & ytell space

Lazay iyr by the rode of grace  
I wyll hye me fro the faste  
Though thou wepe tyll thy herte to braste.  
E ye wolde euer byde by me ye sayd  
E ye I haue you ferre ynough conueyd  
ye be olde ynough I vnderstonde  
yor's pylgrymage to take on honde  
I repente me that I hether came  
Strength you to displease I am to blame  
Wyll ye breke promys that is dette  
In faythe I care not  
Thou arte but a foole to complayne  
you waste your speche and waste your brayne  
Go thicke the in to the grounde  
I had went surer I sholde you haue founde  
He that trusteth in his strength  
She hym deceyueth at the length  
Both strength and beaute forsaketh me  
yet they promysed me fayre and lounghly



**ma** Yet I praye the for the loue of the trinite  
 To ke in my graue ones petrouly  
**son** Nay nye I wyll not come  
 Forwell euerychone  
**ma** O all thynges fayleth saue god alone  
 Beaute strength and discrecion  
 For whan deth bloweth his blaste  
 They all runne fro me faste  
**scottes** Every man of the nowe my leue I take  
 I wyll folowe the other for here I the forsake  
**ma** Alas than may I wayle and wepe  
 For I take you for my beste frende  
**pttes** I wyll no lenger the kepe  
 Nowe forwell and there an ende  
**ma** O Ihesu helpe all hath forsaken me  
**eded** Nay every man I wyll byde with the  
 I wyll not forsake the in dede  
 Thou shalte fynde me a good frende at nede  
**ity ma** O Gramecy good dedes now may I true wises se  
 They haue forsake me euerychone  
 I loued them better than my good dedes alone  
 Knowlege wyll ye forsake me also  
**wleg** O ye every man whan you to deth do go  
 But not yet for no maner of daunger  
**ma** O Gramecy knowlege with all my herte



Howe they that I loued best do forsake me  
Excepte my good dedes that bydeth truely  
All erthly thynges is but vanyte  
Beaute strength and discrecion do man forsake  
Folke the frenles and kynnes men that fayre spake  
All flesh saue good dedes and that am I  
Haue mercy on me god moste myghty  
And stande by me thou moder & mayde holy  
I fere not I wyll speke for the  
Here I crye god mercy  
Shorte oure ende and mynyshe our payne  
Lete vs go and neuer come agayne  
In to thy handes lordes my soule I comende  
Receyue it lord that it be not loste  
As thou me broughtest so me defende  
And saue me fro the fendes bothe  
That I may appere with that blessyd hoste  
That shall be saued at the dome  
In manus tuas of myghtes moste  
For euer comendo spiritum meum  
Howe hath he suffered that we shall endure  
The good deys shall make all sure  
Howe hath he made endynge  
We thynke that I here aungels synge  
And maketh grete ioye and melodye  
Where every mannes soule shall receyued be

god  
euer  
god

euer

know



Into the world all ye than come

That lyueth well after the daye of dome

**U**re **T**his remoyall men maye haue in mynde  
ye herers take it aȝo the olde and yonge  
And forsaȝe pryde for he deceyues you in the ende  
And remembre beaute. v. wytt strength & discrecion

They all at last do every man forsaȝe

Save his good dedes there do he take

But beware for and they be small

Before god he hathe no helpe at all

None excuse may be there for every man

Alas howe shall he do than

For after deth amendes may go man make

For than mercy and pyte do the hym forsaȝe

If his rekenyng be not clere whan he do come

God wyll say ite maledicti in ignem eternum.

And he that hath his accounte hole and sounde

Hye in heuen he shall be crounde

Unto whiche please god brynge vs all the

That we may lyue body and soule togyder

Therto helpe the trinite

Amen saye ye for saynt charyte.

**F**inis.

**I**mprynted at London in Fleetestrete at the

Sygne of the George by Rycharde Wynson

prynter vnto the kynge's noble grace.



